Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuy not thy glory,
To feed my humour wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me, I followed *Henries* Courſe,
When the blood was ſcarce waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I looke on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo young, ſo old a widdow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be ſo bad
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Lo euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the ſubiect of mine owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet one houre in his bed,
Haue I inioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
But haue beene waked by his timerous dreames.
Beſides he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pity thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours.
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glory.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule thou takeſt thy leaue of it,
D. Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue, where peace and reſt lye with me,
Eyghty old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets ſound. Enter Richard Crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Couſin of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand. *Here he aſcends his Throne.*

Thus

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is King *Richard*
But ſhall we weare theſe honours
Or ſhall they laſt and we reioyce
Buc. Still liue they, and foreuer
Ki. O *Buckingham* now I doe
To try if thou be currant Gold in
Yong *Edward* liues: thinke now
Buc. Say on my gracious Sou
King. Why *Buckingham*, I ſay
Buc. Why ſo you are my thrice
King. Ha: am I King? tis ſo,
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter conſequence,
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue
Couſin thou wert not wont to
Shall I be plaine I wiſh the baſ
And I would haue it ſuddainly
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake ſudd
Buc. Your grace may doe you
King. Tut, tut, thou art all yo
Say, haue I thy conſent that the
Buc. Giue me ſome breath
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake her
I will reſolue your grace imedi
Cat. The King is angry ſee
King. I will conuerſe with iro
And vnreſpectiue *Boyes*, none
That looke into me with conſ
Boy. High reaching *Bucking*
Boy. Lord.
King. Know'ſt thou not any
Would tempt vnto a cloſe ex
Boy. My Lord, I know a
Whoſe humble meanes mate
Gold were as good as twenty
And will no doubt tempt hi
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G